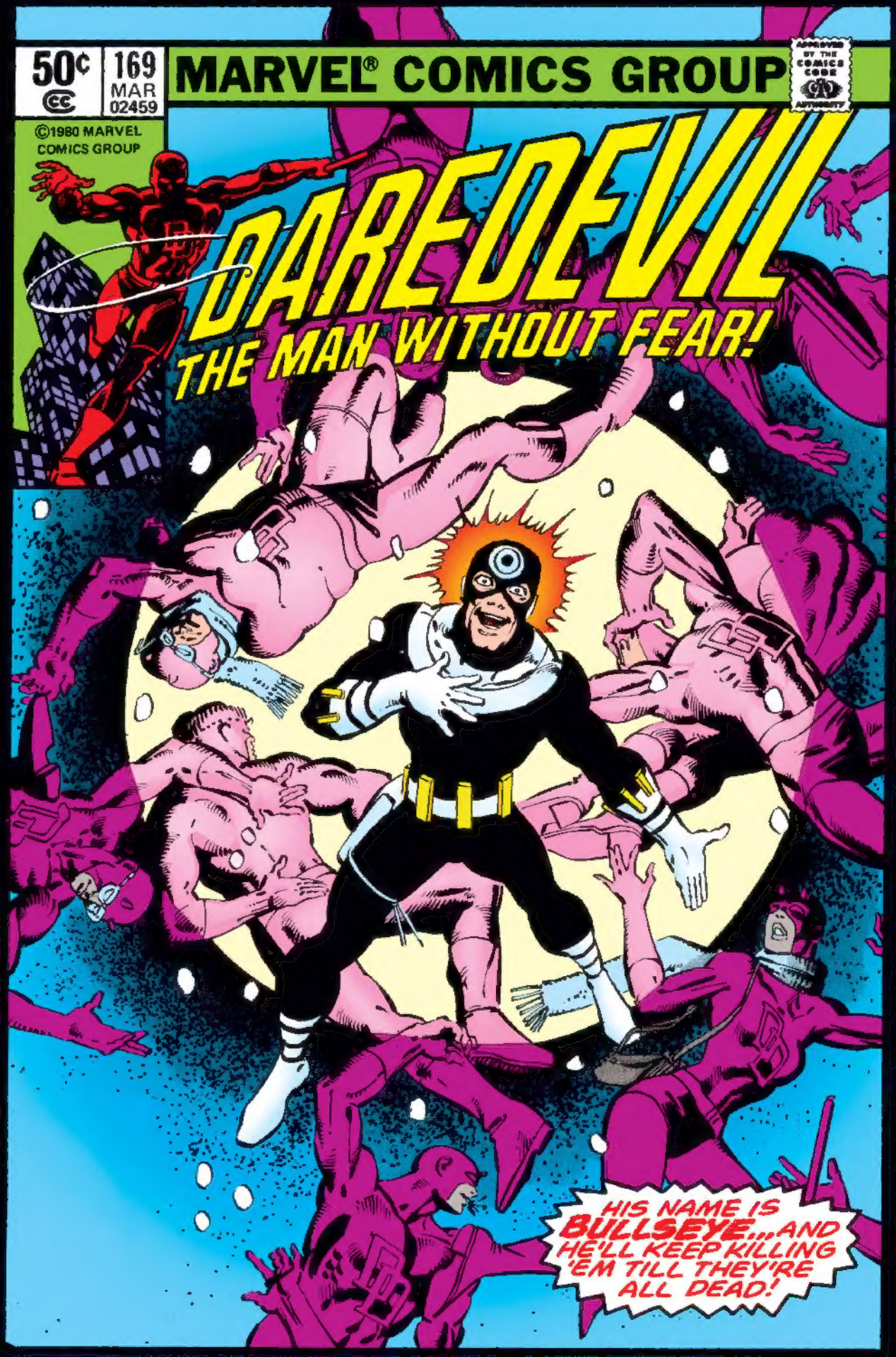
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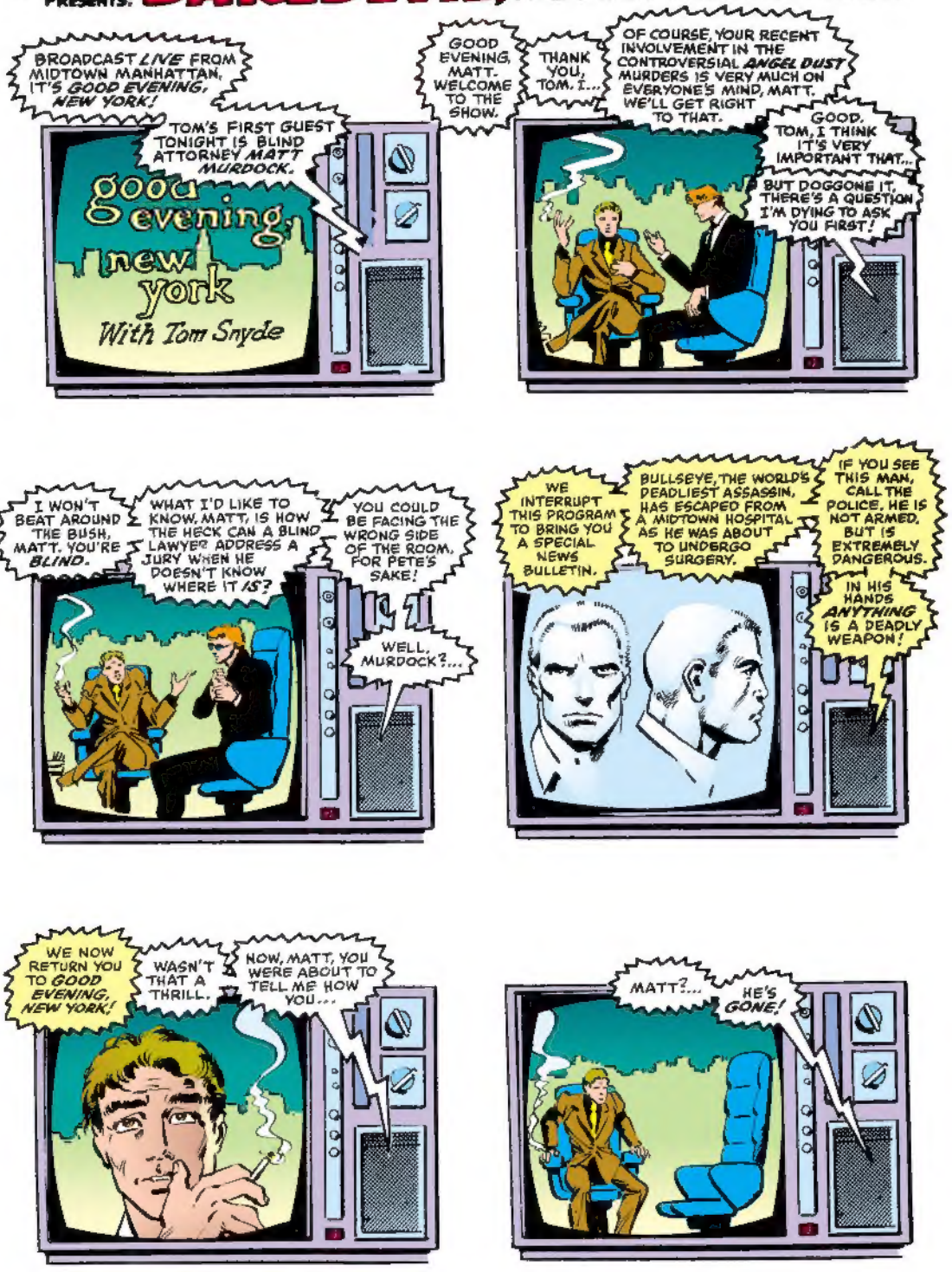
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
HIS NAME IS BULLSEYE... AND HE'LL KEEP KILLING 'EM TILL THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

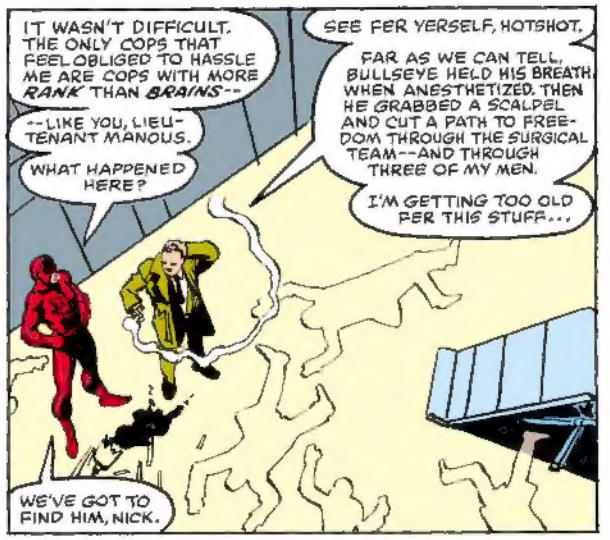
STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!


BROADCAST LIVE FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN, IT'S GOOD EVENING, NEW YORK!
TOM'S FIRST GUEST TONIGHT IS BLIND ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK.
good evening, new york
With Tom Snyde
GOOD EVENING, MATT. WELCOME TO THE SHOW.
THANK YOU, TOM. I...
OF COURSE, YOUR RECENT INVOLVEMENT IN THE CONTROVERSIAL ANGEL DUST MURDERS IS VERY MUCH ON EVERYONE'S MIND, MATT. WE'LL GET RIGHT TO THAT.
GOOD, TOM, I THINK IT'S VERY IMPORTANT THAT...
BUT DOGGONE IT, THERE'S A QUESTION I'M DYING TO ASK YOU FIRST!
I WON'T BEAT AROUND THE BUSH, MATT. YOU'RE BLIND.
WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW, MATT, IS HOW THE HECK CAN A BLIND LAWYER ADDRESS A JURY WHEN HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE IT IS?
YOU COULD BE FACING THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROOM, FOR PETE'S SAKE!
WELL, MURDOCK?...
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN.
BULLSEYE, THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST ASSASSIN, HAS ESCAPED FROM A MIDTOWN HOSPITAL AS HE WAS ABOUT TO UNDERGO SURGERY.
IF YOU SEE THIS MAN, CALL THE POLICE. HE IS NOT ARMED, BUT IS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.
IN HIS HANDS ANYTHING IS A DEADLY WEAPON!
WE NOW RETURN YOU TO GOOD EVENING, NEW YORK!
WASN'T THAT A THRILL.
NOW, MATT, YOU WERE ABOUT TO TELL ME HOW YOU...
MATT?...
HE'S GONE!

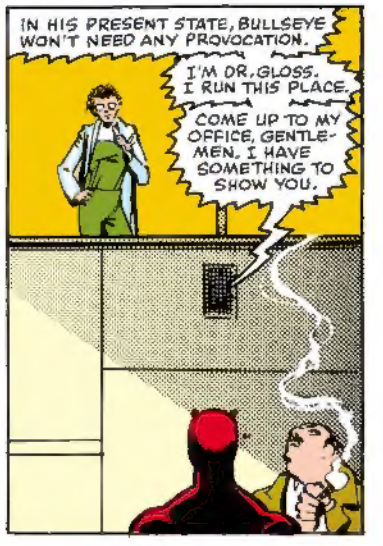
GONE, TRANSFORMED.

WHEN YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE EYES AND BLINDED BY A RADIOACTIVE CANNISTER, HIS REMAINING SENSES BECAME AMPLIFIED TO SUPERHUMAN LEVELS.

YEARS LATER, HIS FATHER'S DEATH AT THE HANDS OF GANGSTERS COMPELLED HIM TO BATTLE INJUSTICE AS...


IT WASN'T DIFFICULT. THE ONLY COPS THAT FEEL OBLIGED TO HASSLE ME ARE COPS WITH MORE RANK THAN BRAINS--
--LIKE YOU, LIEUTENANT MANOUS.
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
SEE FER YERSELF, HOTSHOT.
FAR AS WE CAN TELL, BULLSEYE HELD HIS BREATH WHEN ANESTHETIZED. THEN HE GRABBED A SCALPEL AND CUT A PATH TO FREEDOM THROUGH THE SURGICAL TEAM--AND THROUGH THREE OF MY MEN.
I'M GETTING TOO OLD FER THIS STUFF...
WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM, NICK.

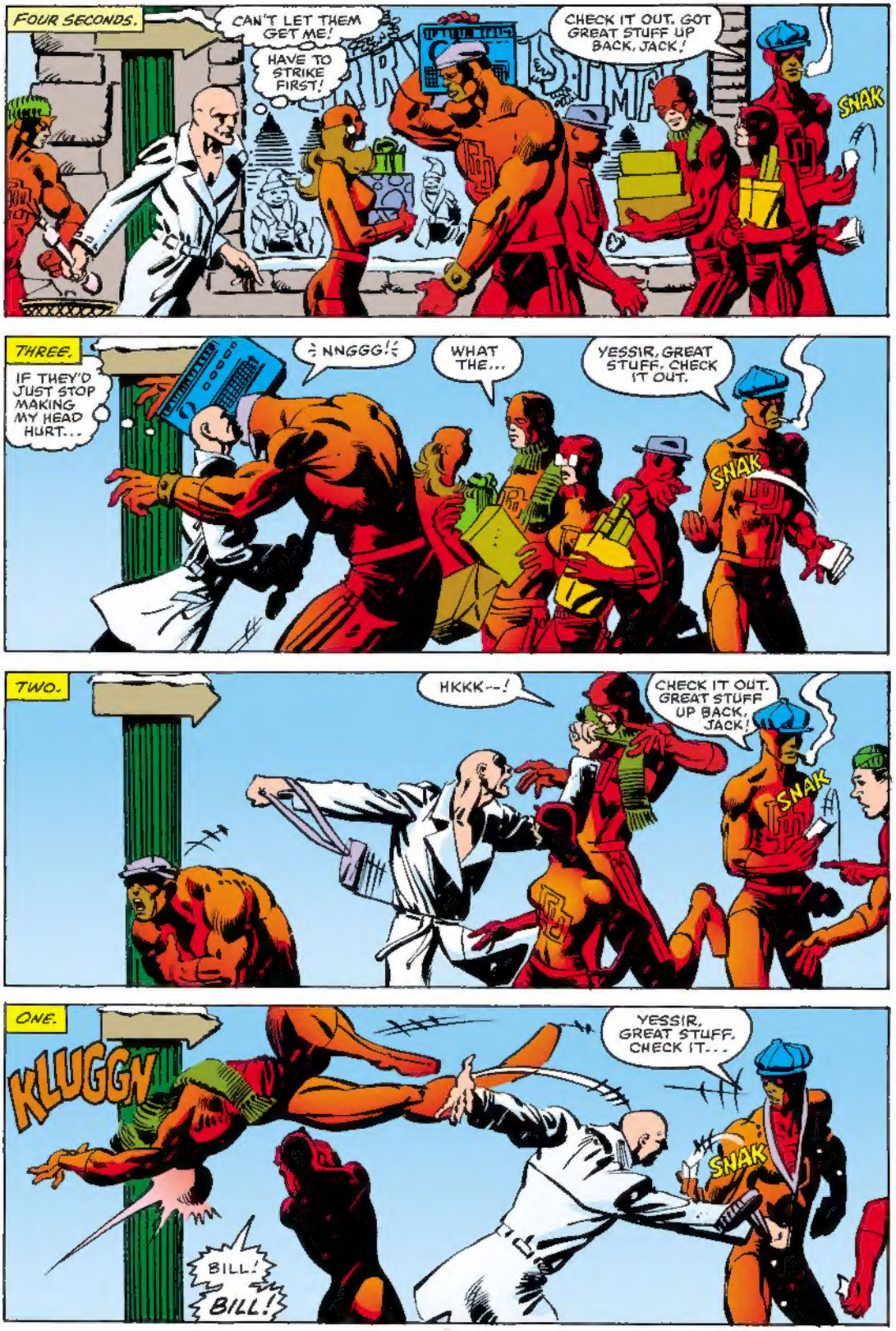
IT'S WORSE THAN THAT. AND YOU KNOW IT.
BULLSEYE IS A HOMICIDAL MANIAC, IF ANYONE SHOULD CROSS HIM...
THAT'S ONLY PART OF IT, DAREDEVIL!

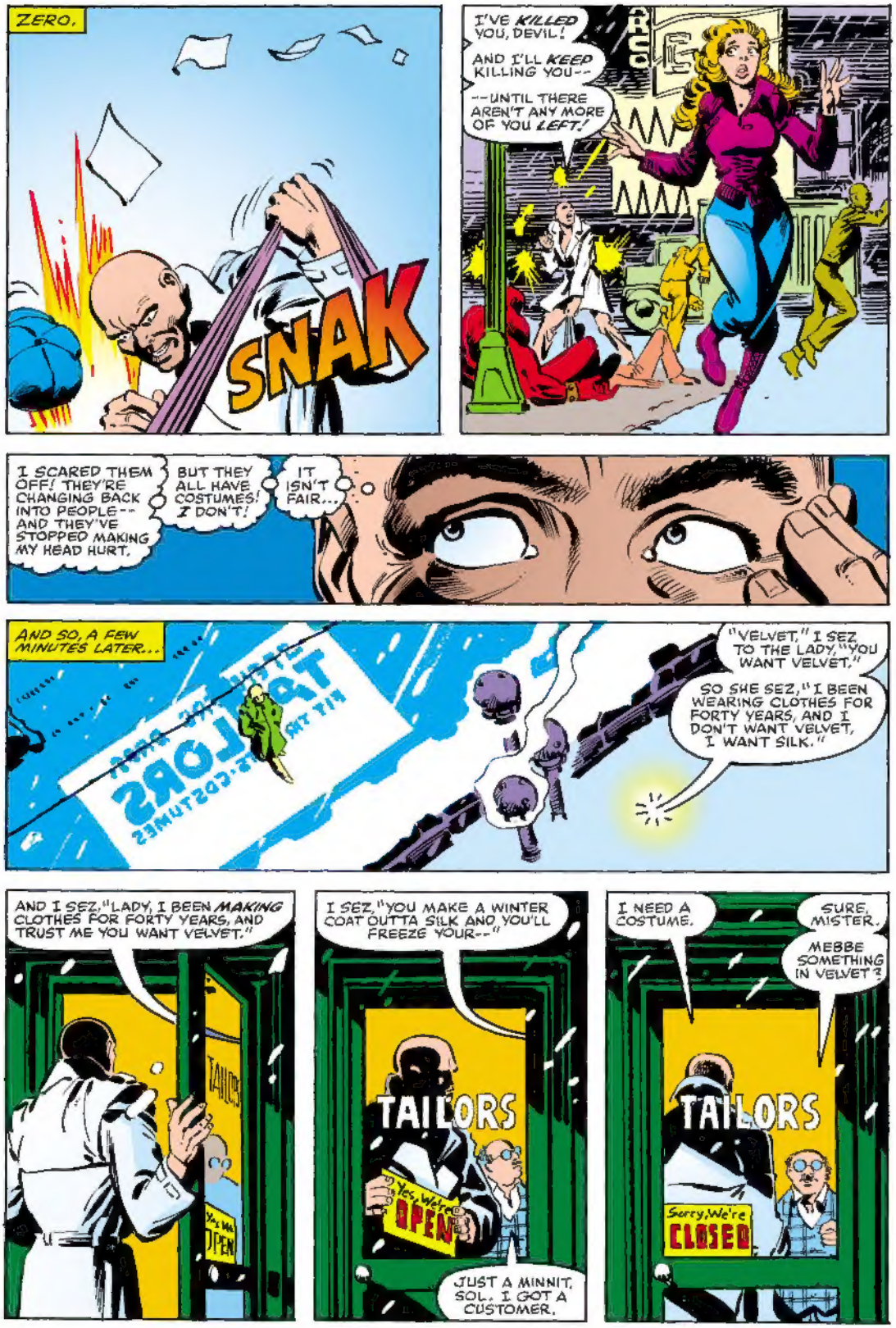

IN HIS PRESENT STATE, BULLSEYE WON'T NEED ANY PROVOCATION.
I'M DR. GLOSS. I RUN THIS PLACE.
COME UP TO MY OFFICE, GENTLEMEN. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.

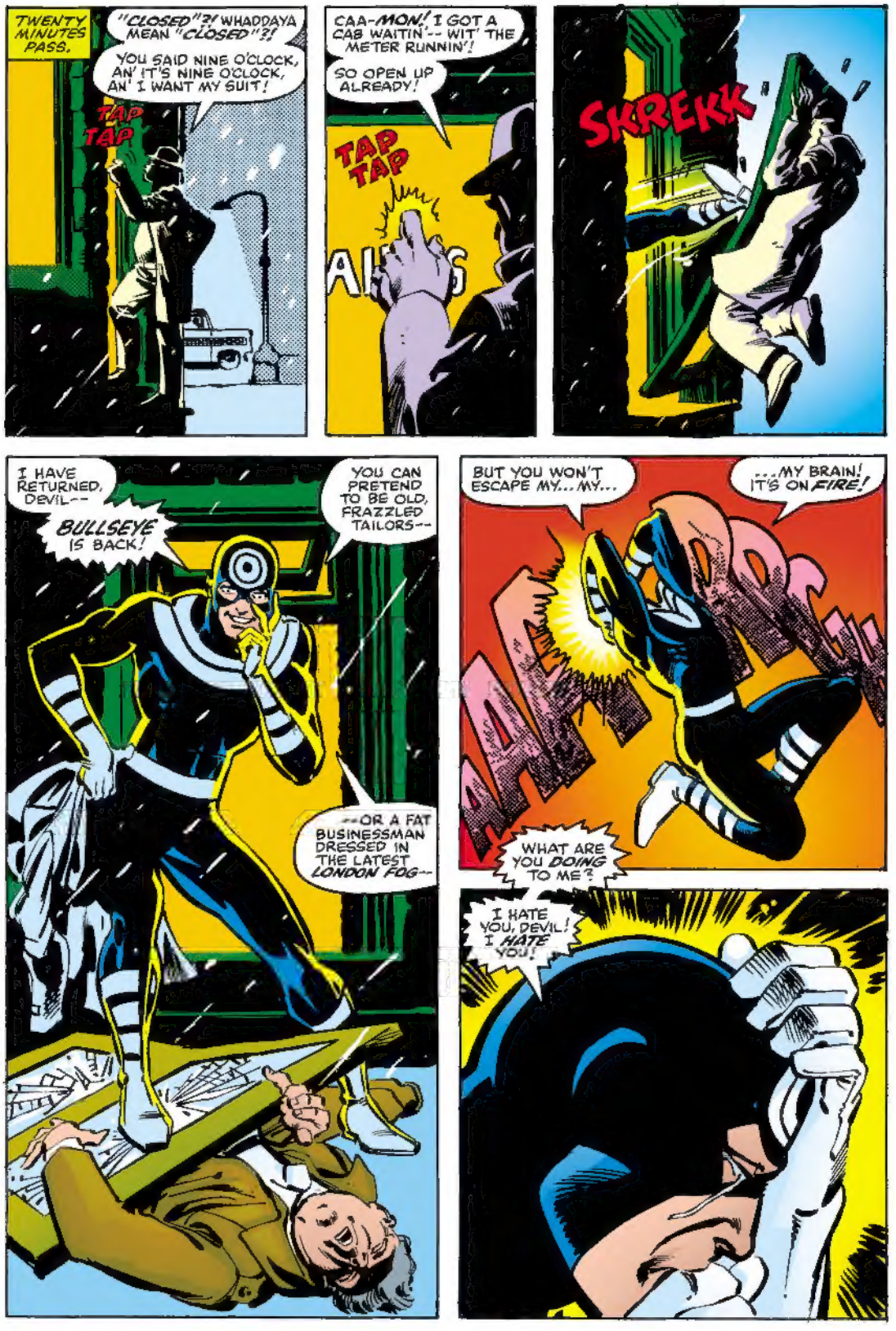
HE PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS MOUTH AND TRIES NOT TO SCREAM.
THEY'VE DONE IT!
THEY'VE FINALLY DONE IT!
TIMES SQUARE CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS SURROUND HIM, IGNORE HIM, PASS HIM BY. BUT THAT IS NOT HOW HE SEES IT.
HE IS INSANE--AND TO HIM, NEW YORK IS A CITY POSSESSED!
THE DEVILS HAVE TAKEN OVER!
SONY
Sunlari Royal WHISKEY
HE HAS HAD MANY NAMES. ONE OF THEM IS BULLSEYE.
BY PROFESSION, HE IS A KILLER-FOR-HIRE. AND EVEN AMONG HIS FELLOW PROFESSIONALS, HE IS FEARED.
IN THE NEXT FIVE SECONDS, YOU WILL DISCOVER WHY.

DEVILS

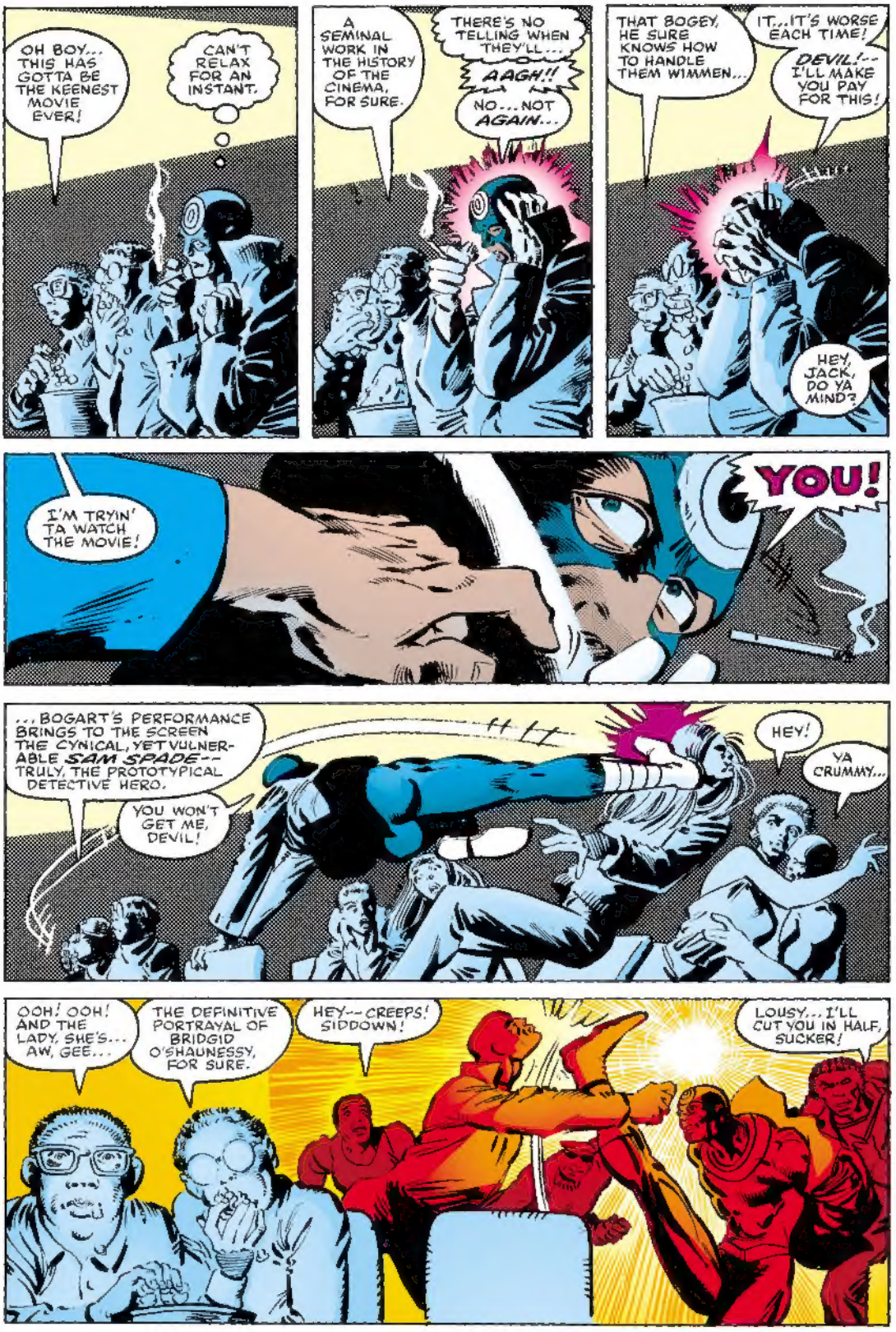
FRANK MILLER • WRITER/PENCILLER
KLAUS JANSON • INKER
GLYNIS WEIN • COLORIST
JOE ROSEN • LETTERER
DENNY O'NEIL • EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER • ED-IN-CHIEF

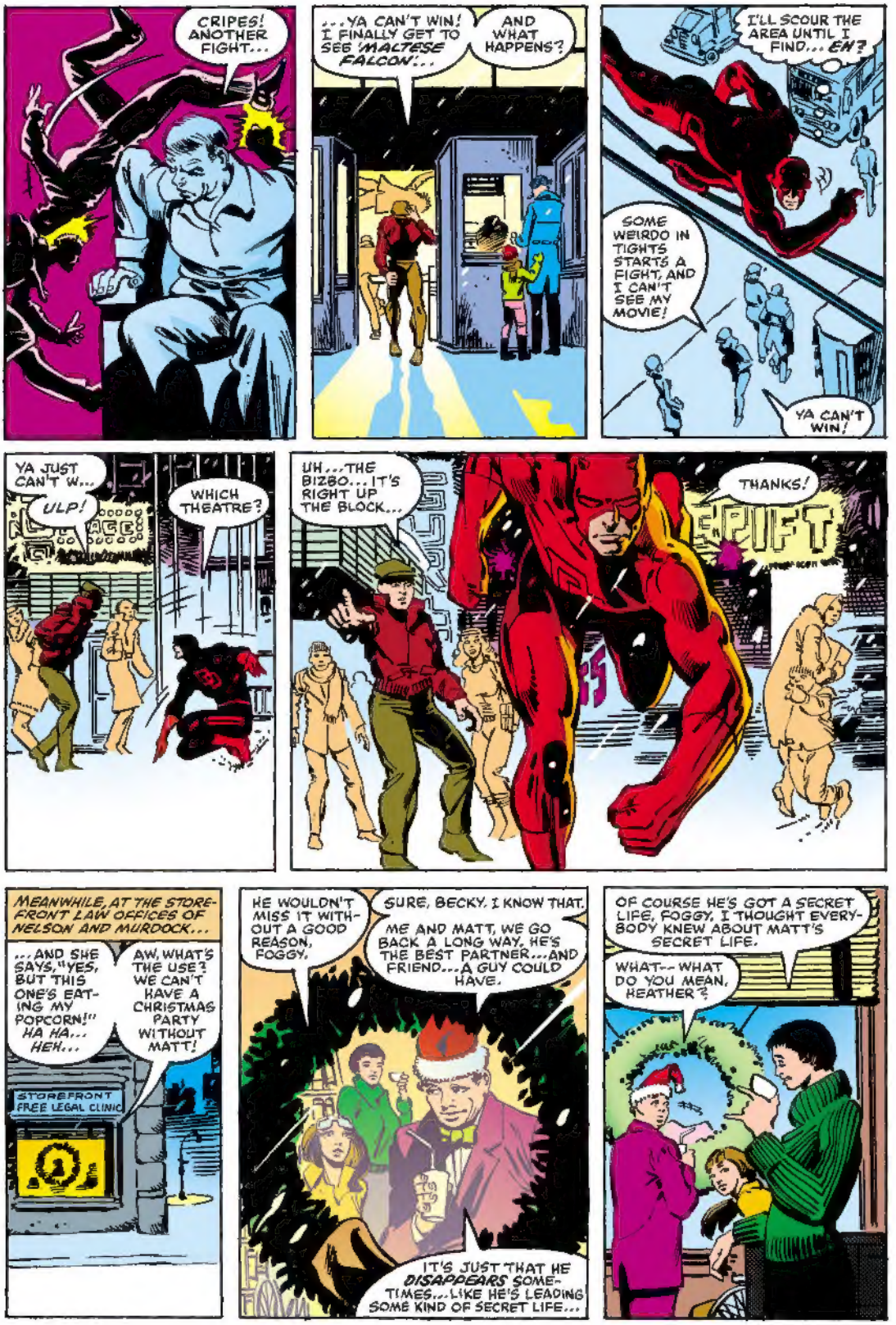

FOUR SECONDS.
CAN'T LET THEM GET ME!
HAVE TO STRIKE FIRST!
CHECK IT OUT. GOT GREAT STUFF UP BACK, JACK!
SNAK
THREE.
IF THEY'D JUST STOP MAKING MY HEAD HURT...
NNGGG!
WHAT THE...
YESSIR, GREAT STUFF. CHECK IT OUT.
SNAK
TWO.
HKKK--!
CHECK IT OUT. GREAT STUFF UP BACK, JACK!
SNAK
ONE.
KLUGGY
YESSIR, GREAT STUFF. CHECK IT...
SNAK
BILL!
BILL!

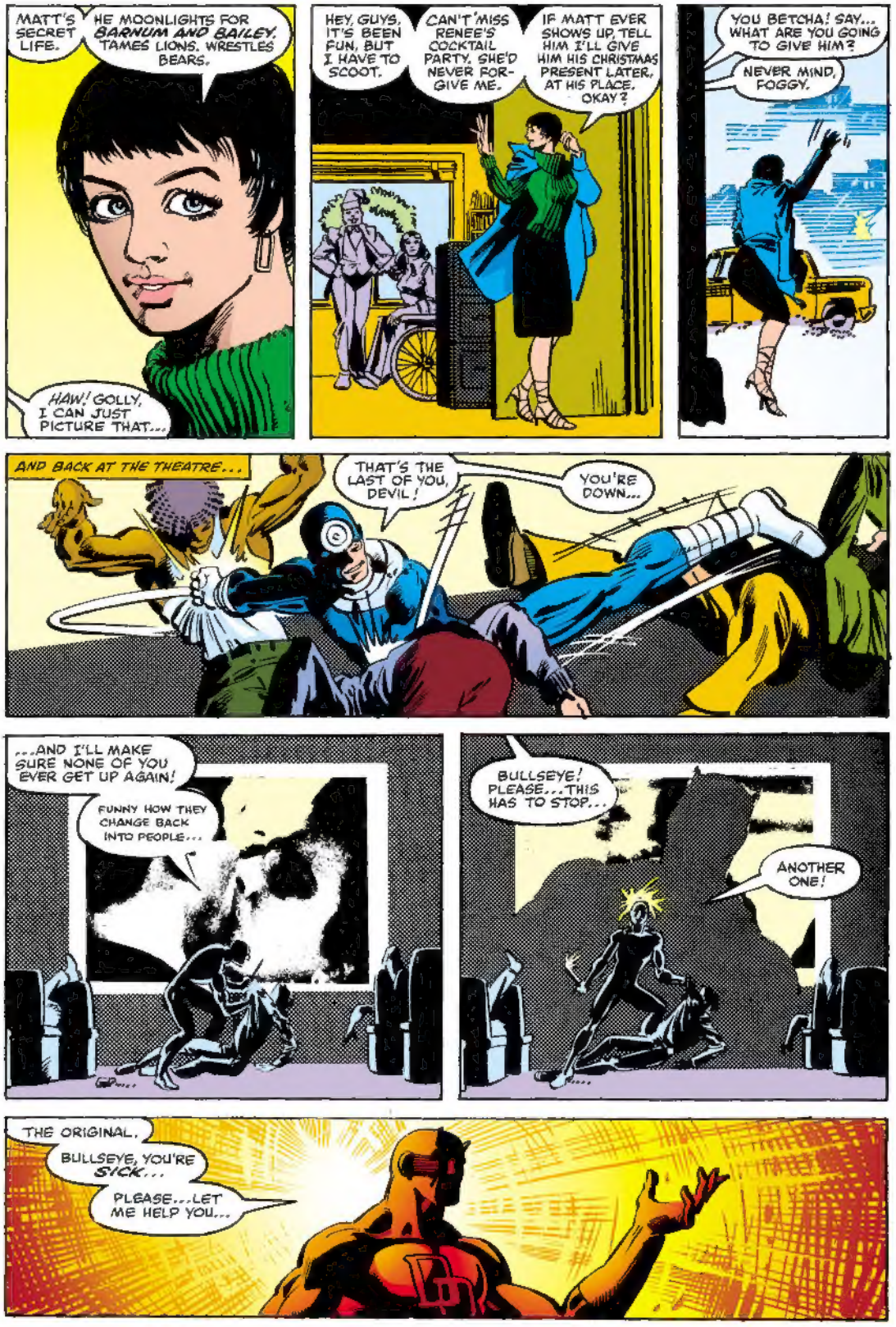

ZERO.
SNAK
I'VE KILLED YOU, DEVIL!
AND I'LL KEEP KILLING YOU--
--UNTIL THERE AREN'T ANY MORE OF YOU LEFT!
I SCARED THEM OFF! THEY'RE CHANGING BACK INTO PEOPLE-- AND THEY'VE STOPPED MAKING MY HEAD HURT.
BUT THEY ALL HAVE COSTUMES! I DON'T!
IT ISN'T FAIR...
AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...
"VELVET," I SEZ TO THE LADY, "YOU WANT VELVET."
SO SHE SEZ," I BEEN WEARING CLOTHES FOR FORTY YEARS, AND I DON'T WANT VELVET, I WANT SILK."
AND I SEZ, "LADY, I BEEN MAKING CLOTHES FOR FORTY YEARS, AND TRUST ME YOU WANT VELVET."
TAILORS
OPEN
I SEZ, "YOU MAKE A WINTER COAT OUTTA SILK AND YOU'LL FREEZE YOUR--"
TAILORS
Yes, We're OPEN
JUST A MINNIT, SOL. I GOT A CUSTOMER.
I NEED A COSTUME.
SURE, MISTER.
MEBBE SOMETHING IN VELVET?
TAILORS
Sorry, We're CLOSED


TWENTY MINUTES PASS.
"CLOSED"?! WHADDAYA MEAN "CLOSED"?!
YOU SAID NINE O'CLOCK, AN' IT'S NINE O'CLOCK, AN' I WANT MY SUIT!
TAP TAP
CAA-MON! I GOT A CAB WAITIN'-- WIT' THE METER RUNNIN'!
SO OPEN UP ALREADY!
TAP TAP
SKREKK
I HAVE RETURNED, DEVIL--
BULLSEYE IS BACK!
YOU CAN PRETEND TO BE OLD, FRAZZLED TAILORS--
--OR A FAT BUSINESSMAN DRESSED IN THE LATEST LONDON FOG--
BUT YOU WON'T ESCAPE MY... MY...
...MY BRAIN! IT'S ON FIRE!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?
I HATE YOU, DEVIL! I HATE YOU!

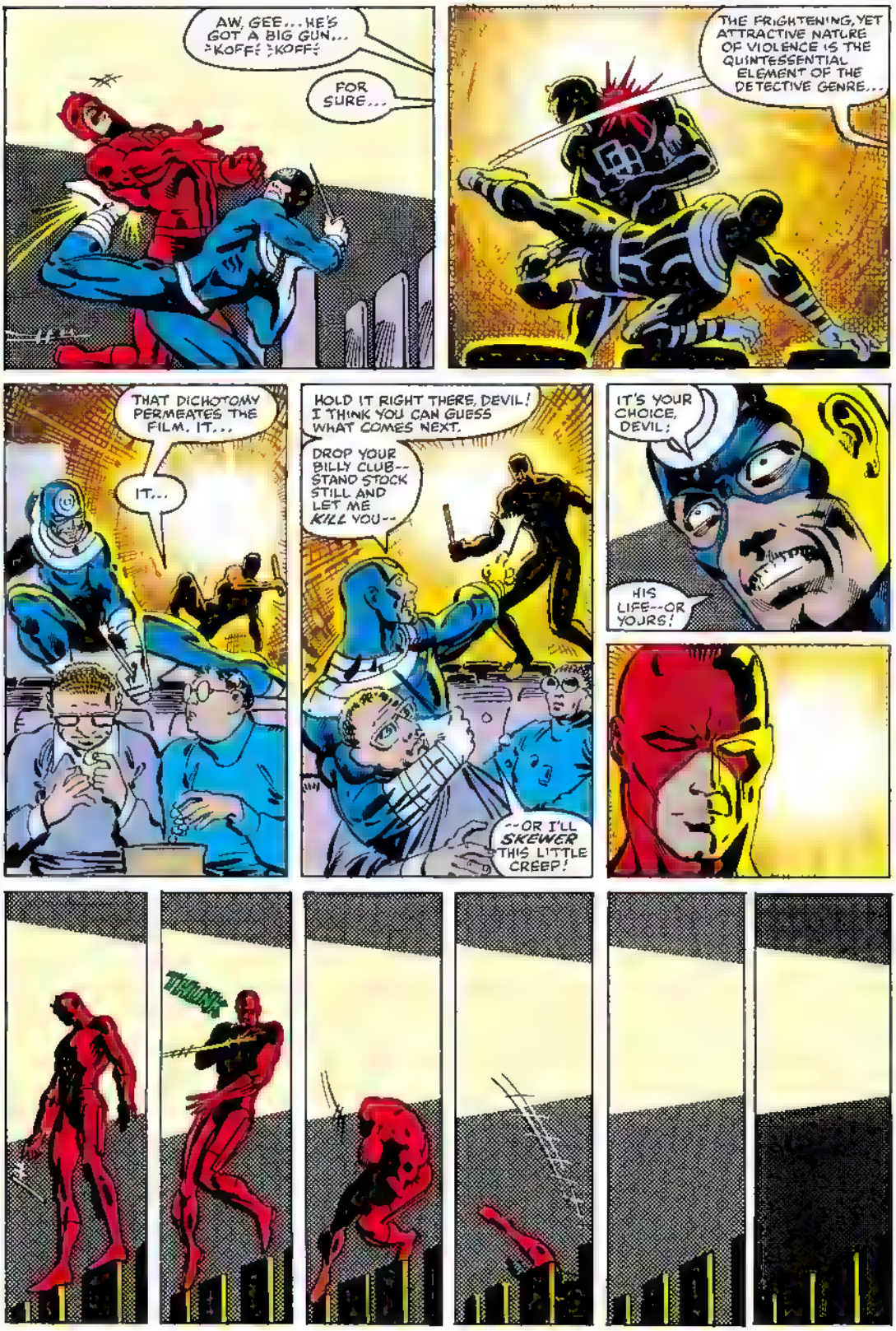
MEANWHILE...
BULLSEYE BECAME MORE ERRATIC--AND VIOLENT--AFTER YOU LAST BROUGHT HIM IN, DAREDEVIL.
HE WAS MOVED HERE TO SEE IF WE COULD FIND A MEDICAL REASON FOR HIS BEHAVIOR. WE DID.
HOSPITAL
BULLSEYE HAS A CANCEROUS GROWTH--A TUMOR--IN HIS BRAIN, WHICH CAUSES HIM TO SUFFER AGONIZING HEADACHES, AS WELL AS HALLUCINATIONS.
THIS TUMOR WAS PROBABLY RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS EMOTIONAL COLLAPSE AT CONEY ISLAND.*
THAT DID SEEM ODD AT THE TIME... DOCTOR, YOU MENTIONED HALLUCINATIONS. WHAT KIND?
*DD #161--DENNY.
BULLSEYE IS OBSESSED WITH HIS DEFEAT AT YOUR HANDS, DAREDEVIL.
DURING HIS HEADACHES, HE PERCEIVES EVERYONE AROUND HIM TO BE YOU. THREE WEEKS AGO, HE ATTACKED A NURSE AND ALMOST MURDERED THE POOR WOMAN.
HE WAS SCREAMING YOUR NAME AS HE WAS SEDATED.
HIS HEADACHES WERE BECOMING MORE FREQUENT WHEN WE DECIDED TO OPERATE.
IF THAT TUMOR IS NOT REMOVED HE WILL DIE--AND SOON.
THAT'D BE A REAL LOSS TO SOCIETY.
ANY DEATH IS A LOSS, MANOLIS.
NUTS. KILLING IS LIKE BREATHING TO THAT SLIME. HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO LIVE.
THAT'S NOT FOR EITHER OF US TO DECIDE. WE HAVE TO SAVE HIM.
EXCUSE ME, LIEUTENANT.
IT'S BULLSEYE. HE'S ALREADY STARTED.
STRUCK DOWN THREE PEOPLE IN TIMES SQUARE.
WITNESSES SAY HE WAS YELLING SOMETHING ABOUT "DEVILS"...
TIMES SQUARE IS DOTTED WITH SMALL, SHOEBOX-SHAPED MOVIE THEATRES. IN ONE OF THEM...
DEVILS! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! BUT THEY'RE HIDING... AND SO AM I...
HUMPHREY BOGART
MARY
GLADYS
PETER LORR

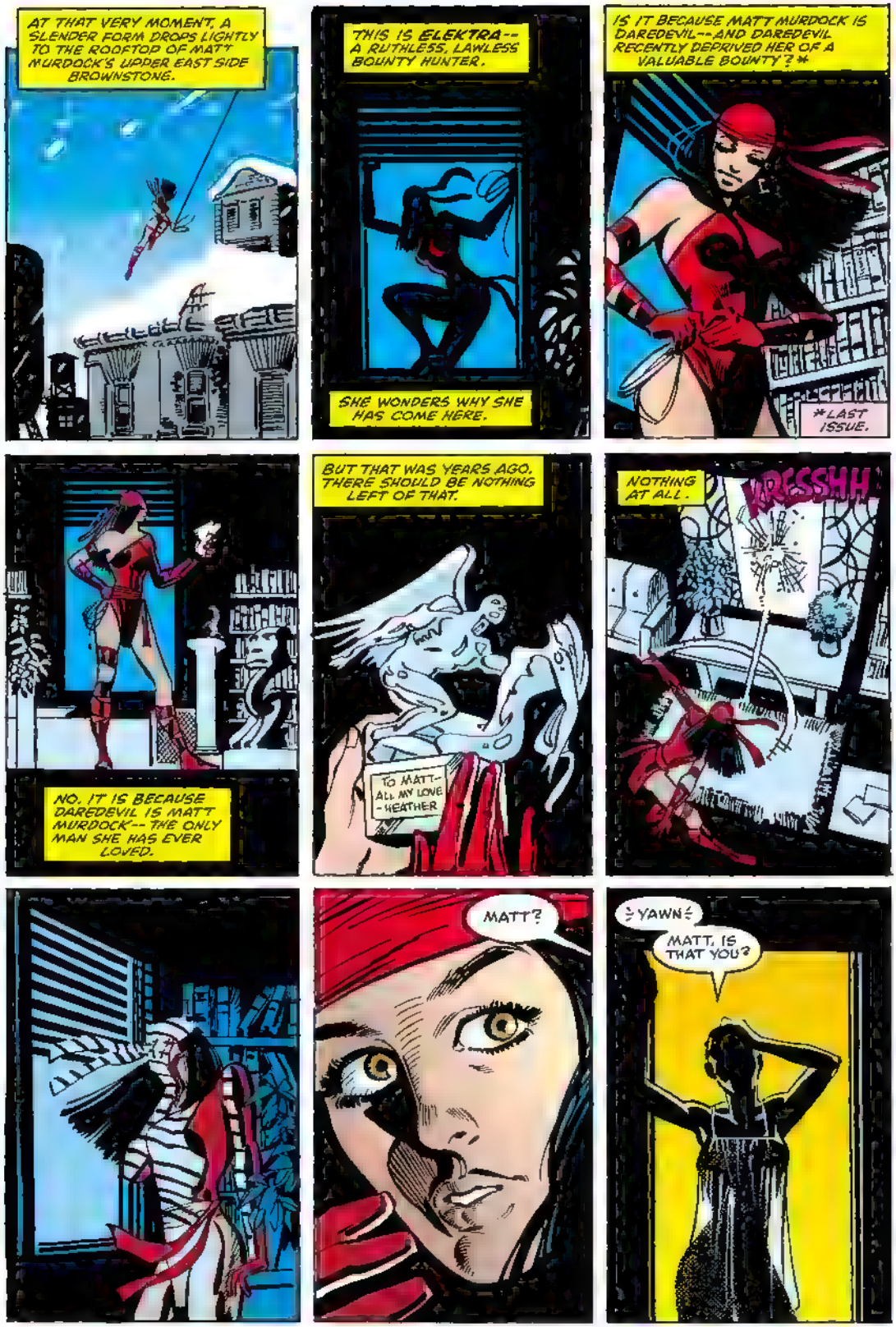

OH BOY... THIS HAS GOTTA BE THE KEENEST MOVIE EVER!
CAN'T RELAX FOR AN INSTANT.
A SEMINAL WORK IN THE HISTORY OF THE CINEMA, FOR SURE.
THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN THEY'LL...
AAGH!!
NO...NOT AGAIN...
THAT BOGEY, HE SURE KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE THEM WIMMEN...
IT...IT'S WORSE EACH TIME!
DEVIL!-- I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS!
HEY, JACK, DO YA MIND?
I'M TRYIN' TA WATCH THE MOVIE!
YOU!
...BOGART'S PERFORMANCE BRINGS TO THE SCREEN THE CYNICAL, YET VULNERABLE SAM SPADE-- TRULY, THE PROTOTYPICAL DETECTIVE HERO.
YOU WON'T GET ME, DEVIL!
HEY!
YA CRUMMY...
OOH! OOH! AND THE LADY, SHE'S... AW, GEE...
THE DEFINITIVE PORTRAYAL OF BRIDGID O'SHAUNESSY, FOR SURE.
HEY-- CREEPS! SIDDOWN!
LOUSY... I'LL CUT YOU IN HALF, SUCKER!

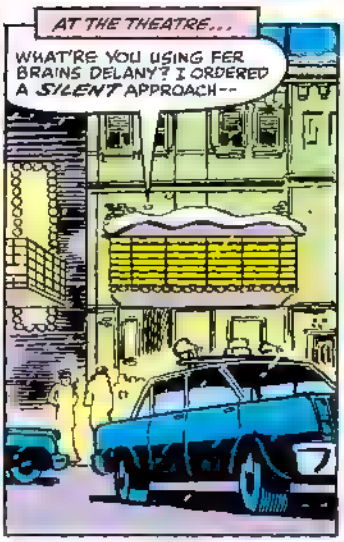

CRIPES! ANOTHER FIGHT...
...YA CAN'T WIN! I FINALLY GET TO SEE 'MALTESE FALCON'...
AND WHAT HAPPENS?
I'LL SCOUR THE AREA UNTIL I FIND... EH?
SOME WEIRDO IN TIGHTS STARTS A FIGHT, AND I CAN'T SEE MY MOVIE!
YA CAN'T WIN!
YA JUST CAN'T W...
ULP!
WHICH THEATRE?
UH...THE BIZBO...IT'S RIGHT UP THE BLOCK...
THANKS!
MEANWHILE, AT THE STOREFRONT LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...
...AND SHE SAYS, "YES, BUT THIS ONE'S EATING MY POPCORN!" HA HA... HEH...
AW, WHAT'S THE USE? WE CAN'T HAVE A CHRISTMAS PARTY WITHOUT MATT!
STOREFRONT FREE LEGAL CLINIC
HE WOULDN'T MISS IT WITHOUT A GOOD REASON, FOGGY.
SURE, BECKY. I KNOW THAT.
ME AND MATT, WE GO BACK A LONG WAY. HE'S THE BEST PARTNER...AND FRIEND...A GUY COULD HAVE.
IT'S JUST THAT HE DISAPPEARS SOMETIMES...LIKE HE'S LEADING SOME KIND OF SECRET LIFE...
OF COURSE HE'S GOT A SECRET LIFE, FOGGY. I THOUGHT EVERYBODY KNEW ABOUT MATT'S SECRET LIFE.
WHAT-- WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HEATHER?


MATT'S SECRET LIFE.
HE MOONLIGHTS FOR BARNUM AND BAILEY. TAMES LIONS. WRESTLES BEARS.
HAW! GOLLY, I CAN JUST PICTURE THAT...
HEY, GUYS, IT'S BEEN FUN, BUT I HAVE TO SCOOT.
CAN'T MISS RENEE'S COCKTAIL PARTY. SHE'D NEVER FORGIVE ME.
IF MATT EVER SHOWS UP, TELL HIM I'LL GIVE HIM HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT LATER, AT HIS PLACE, OKAY?
YOU BETCHA! SAY... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE HIM?
NEVER MIND, FOGGY.
AND BACK AT THE THEATRE...
THAT'S THE LAST OF YOU, DEVIL!
YOU'RE DOWN...
...AND I'LL MAKE SURE NONE OF YOU EVER GET UP AGAIN!
FUNNY HOW THEY CHANGE BACK INTO PEOPLE...
BULLSEYE! PLEASE...THIS HAS TO STOP...
ANOTHER ONE!
THE ORIGINAL.
BULLSEYE, YOU'RE SICK...
PLEASE...LET ME HELP YOU...

NEVER!
I AM GOING TO SAVE YOUR LIFE BULLSEYE--
--EVEN IF I HAVE TO BEAT YOU SENSELESS TO DO IT!
KRAK
KLUDD
THOK
LISTEN TO ME, YOU HAVE A TUMOR IN YOUR BRAIN.
CAN'T YOU FEEL IT, BULLSEYE?
IT'S KILLING YOU!
...MARY ASTOR'S PERFORMANCE IS DEFINITIVE. EVEN BETTE DAVIS, IN THE 1934 VERSION FAILED TO CAPTURE WITH SUCH ELAN THE ESSENTIALLY TRAGIC NATURE OF THE CHARACTER.
KOFF! KOFF!


AW, GEE... HE'S GOT A BIG GUN... KOFF! KOFF!
FOR SURE...
THE FRIGHTENING, YET ATTRACTIVE NATURE OF VIOLENCE IS THE QUINTESSENTIAL ELEMENT OF THE DETECTIVE GENRE...
THAT DICHOTOMY PERMEATES THE FILM. IT...
IT...
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, DEVIL! I THINK YOU CAN GUESS WHAT COMES NEXT.
DROP YOUR BILLY CLUB-- STAND STOCK STILL AND LET ME KILL YOU--
--OR I'LL SKEWER THIS LITTLE CREEP!
IT'S YOUR CHOICE, DEVIL!
HIS LIFE--OR YOURS!
THUNK

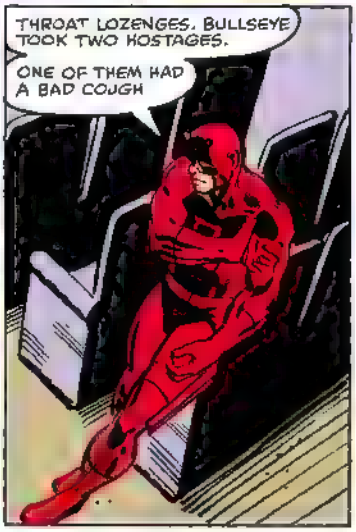

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A SLENDER FORM DROPS LIGHTLY TO THE ROOFTOP OF MATT MURDOCK'S UPPER EAST SIDE BROWNSTONE.
THIS IS ELEKTRA-- A RUTHLESS, LAWLESS BOUNTY HUNTER.
SHE WONDERS WHY SHE HAS COME HERE.
IS IT BECAUSE MATT MURDOCK IS DAREDEVIL--AND DAREDEVIL RECENTLY DEPRIVED HER OF A VALUABLE BOUNTY? *
*LAST ISSUE.
NO. IT IS BECAUSE DAREDEVIL IS MATT MURDOCK-- THE ONLY MAN SHE HAS EVER LOVED.
BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO. THERE SHOULD BE NOTHING LEFT OF THAT.
TO MATT-- ALL MY LOVE -HEATHER
NOTHING AT ALL.
KRESSHH
MATT?
≒YAWN≒
MATT, IS THAT YOU?


AT THE THEATRE...
WHAT'RE YOU USING FER BRAINS DELANY? I ORDERED A SILENT APPROACH--

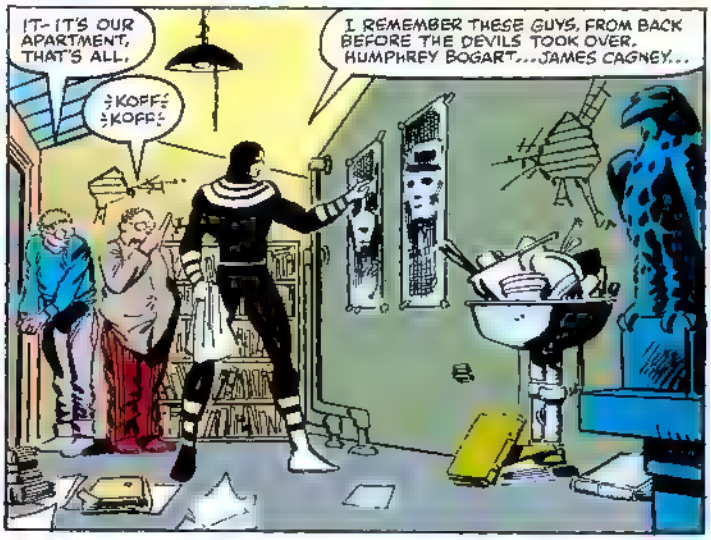
--BUT YOU CLOWNS RAN YER SIRENS LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD!
EASE UP, MANOLIS..

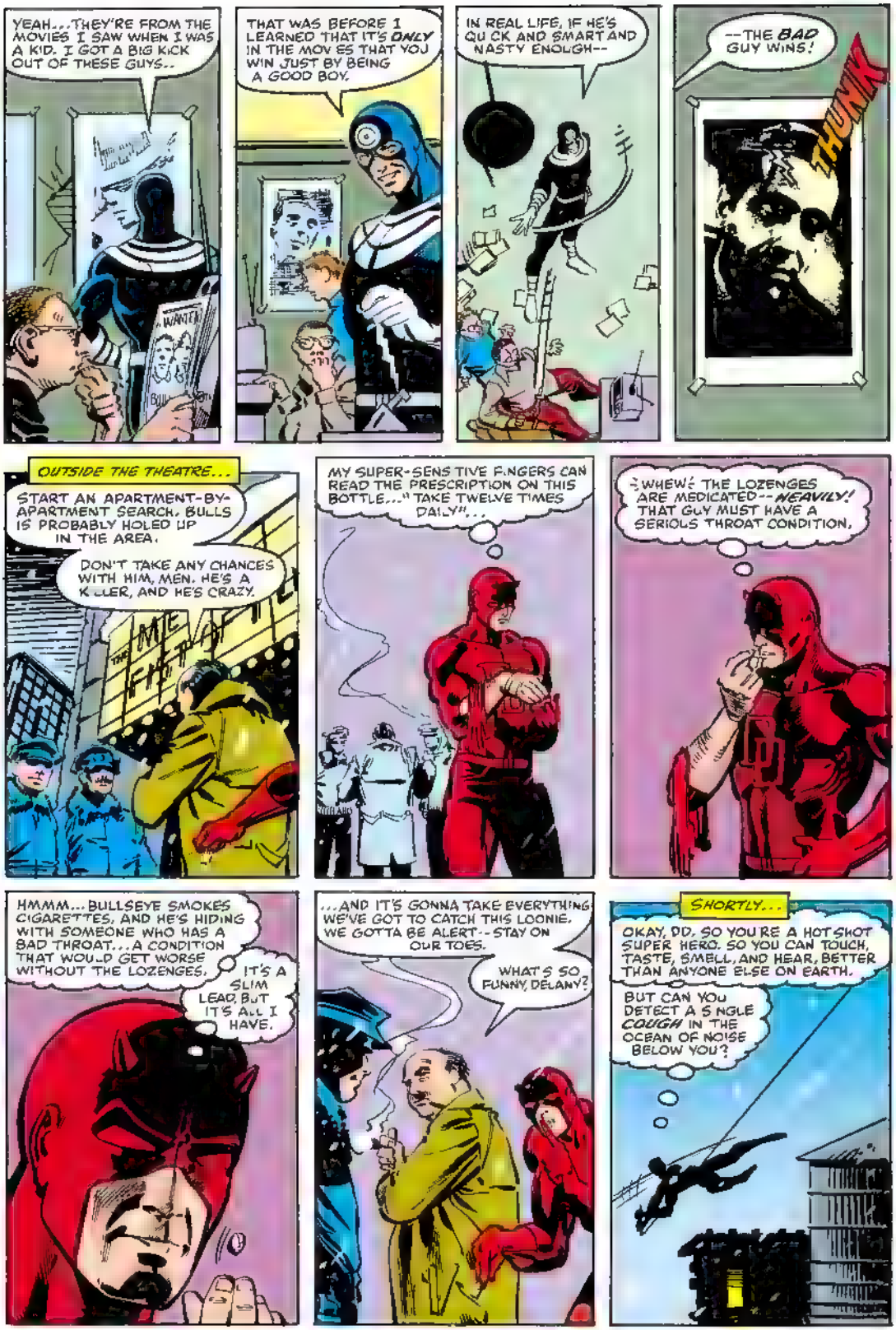
IF YOUR SIRENS HADN'T SCARED BULLSEYE OFF, HE MIGHT HAVE INSPECTED THE JOB HE DID ON ME--
--AND FOUND THAT I BLOCKED THE KNIFE HE THREW WITH MY HAND... WELL, MOSTLY, ANYWAY...
UH...ANYBODY GOT A BAND-AID?

GET A MEDIC IN HERE TO PATCH UP THE HERO, DELANY.
HEY... WHAT'RE THESE?
EXIT

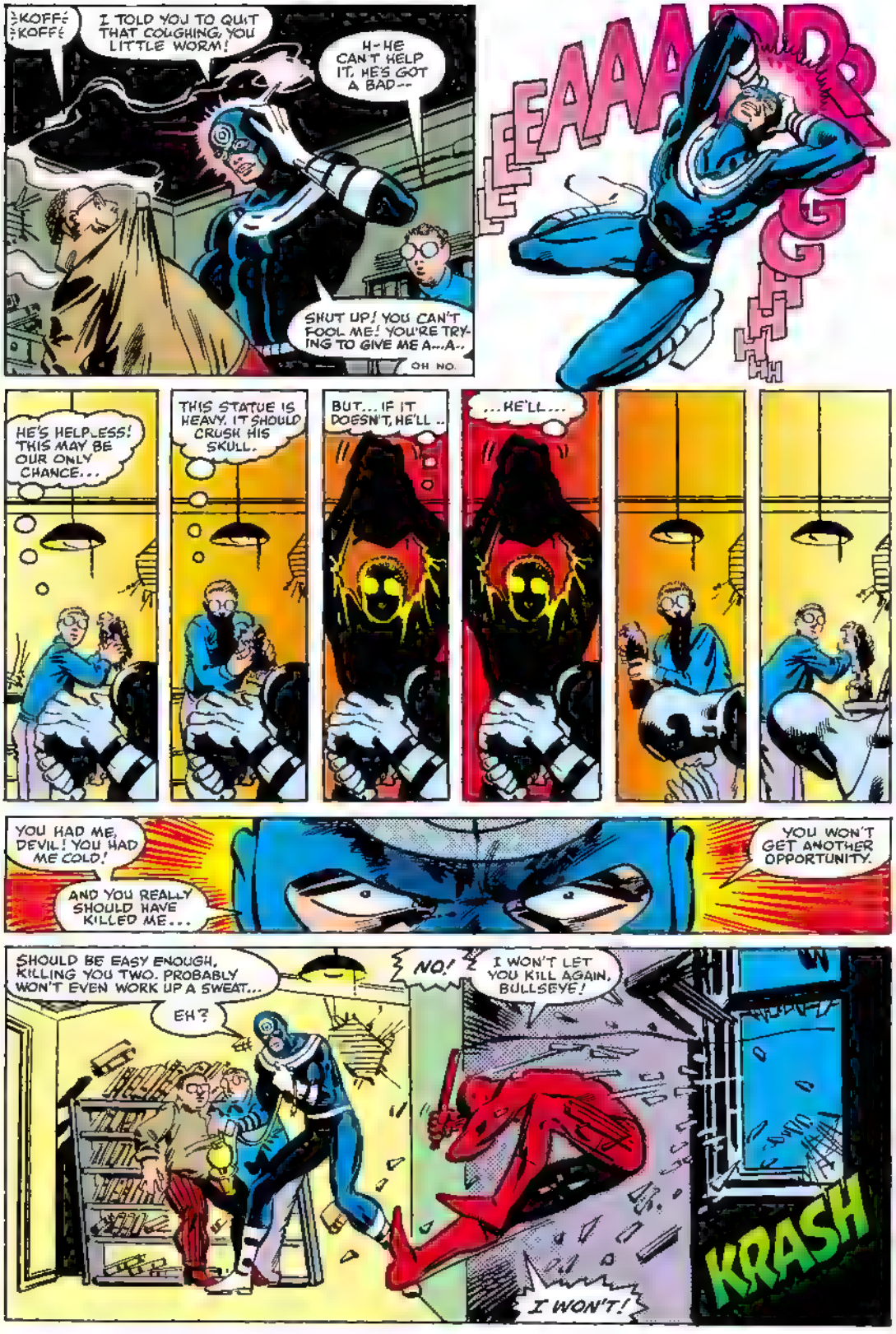

THROAT LOZENGES. BULLSEYE TOOK TWO HOSTAGES.
ONE OF THEM HAD A BAD COUGH

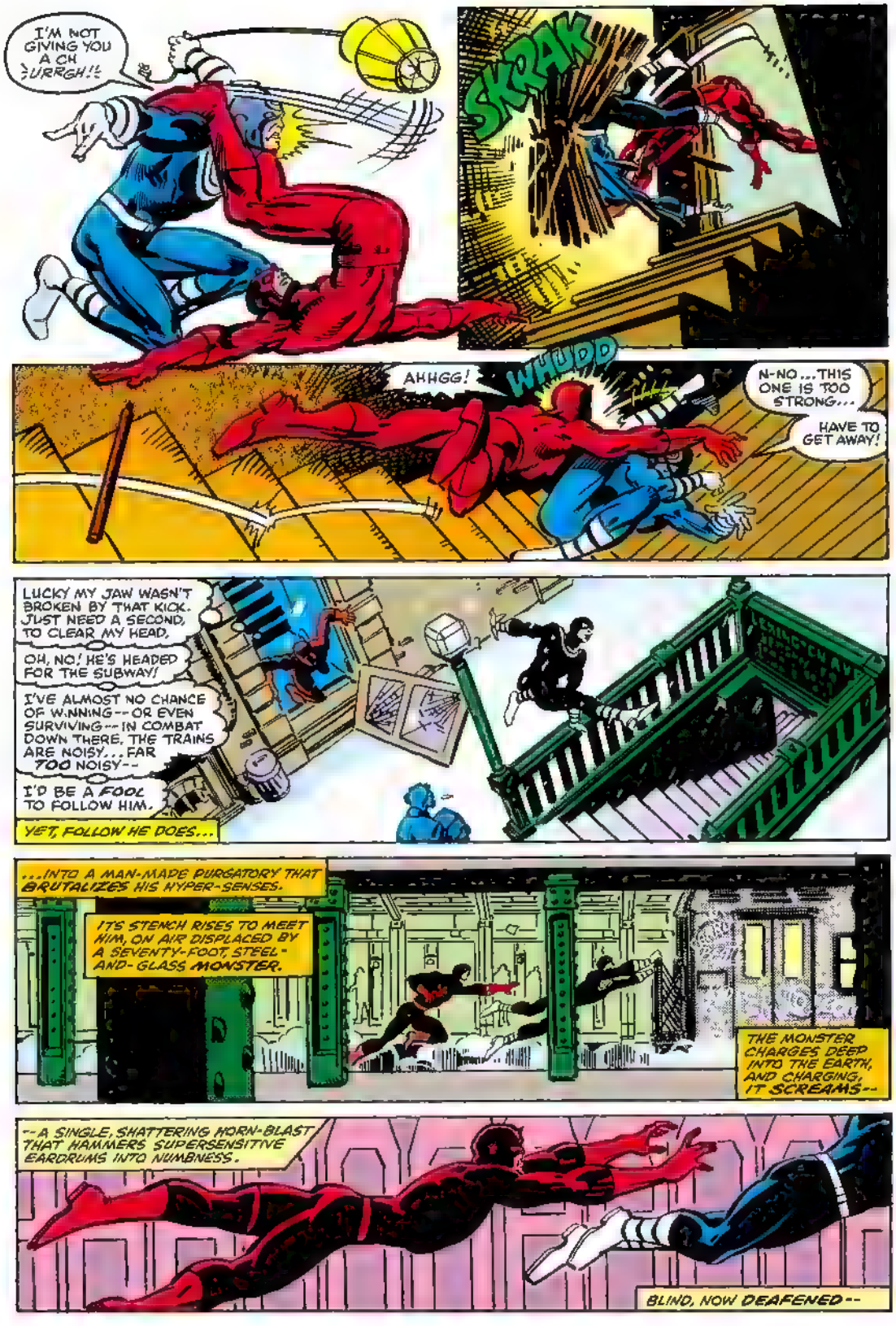
TWO BLOCKS AWAY...
:KOFF: :KOFF:
QUIT THAT COUGHING. AND GET INSIDE.
AND THEN YOU CAN... WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS?

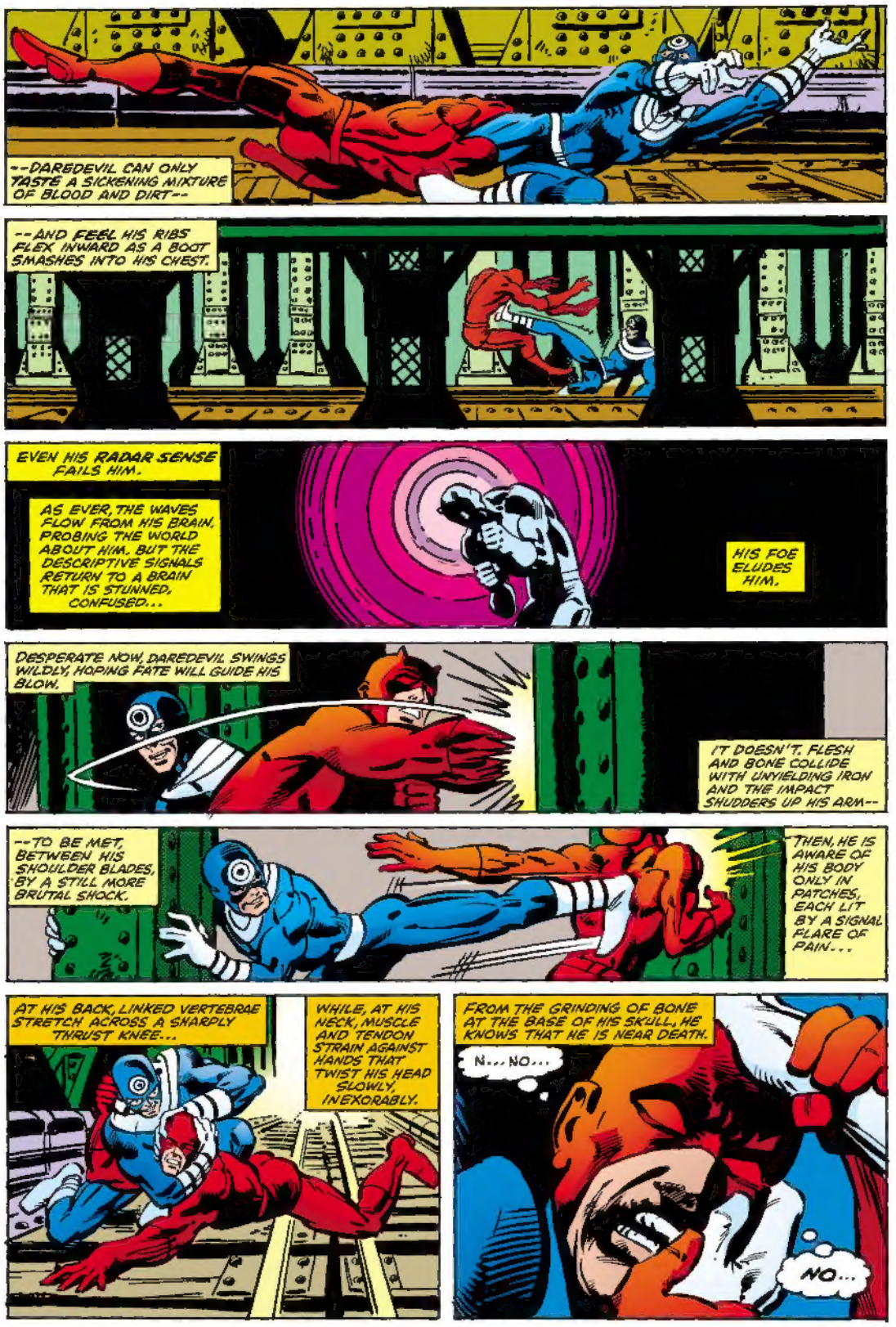

IT- IT'S OUR APARTMENT, THAT'S ALL.
:KOFF: :KOFF:
I REMEMBER THESE GUYS, FROM BACK BEFORE THE DEVILS TOOK OVER. HUMPHREY BOGART... JAMES CAGNEY...

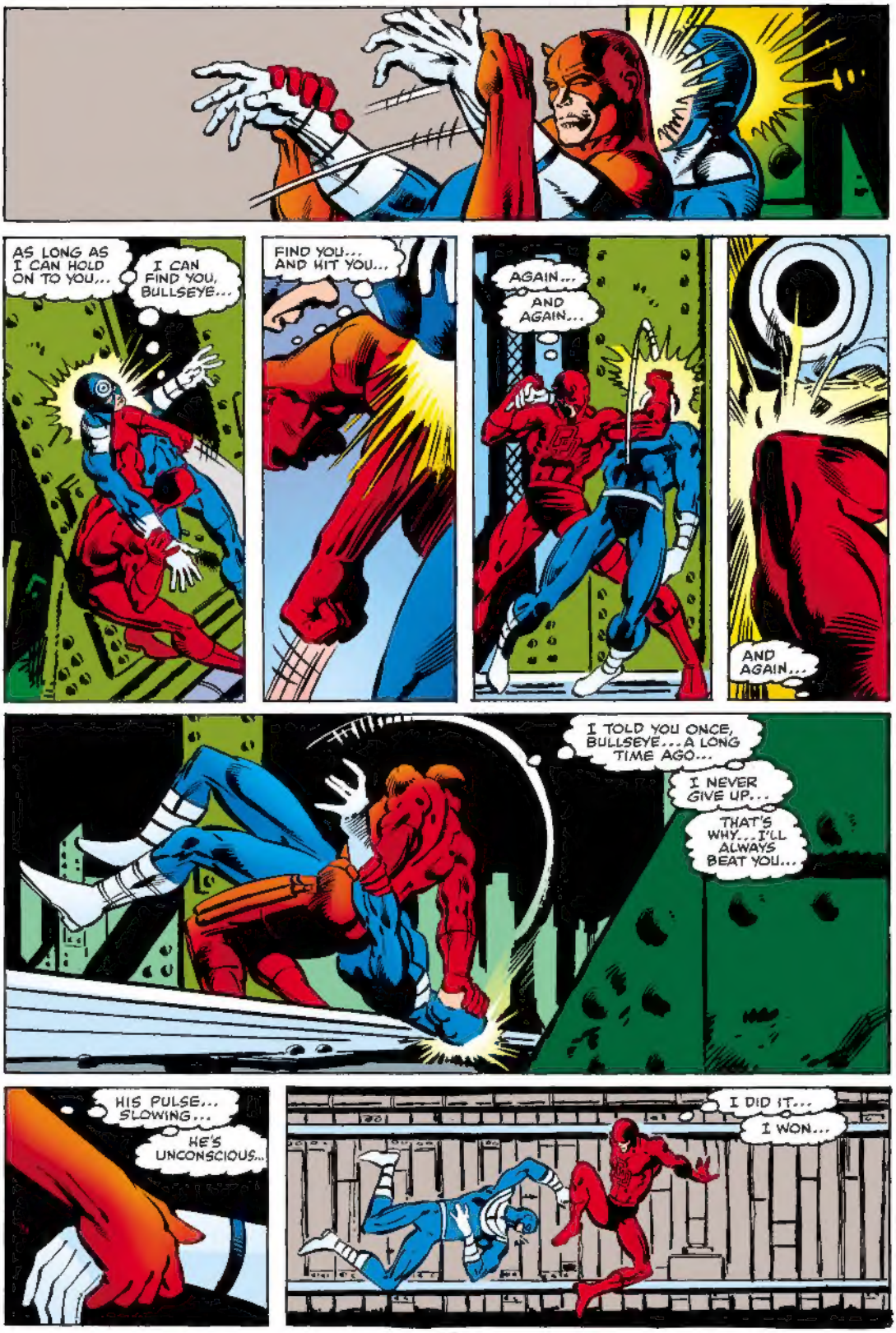

YEAH...THEY'RE FROM THE MOVIES I SAW WHEN I WAS A KID. I GOT A BIG KICK OUT OF THESE GUYS..
WANTED
THAT WAS BEFORE I LEARNED THAT IT'S ONLY IN THE MOVIES THAT YOU WIN JUST BY BEING A GOOD BOY.
IN REAL LIFE, IF HE'S QUICK AND SMART AND NASTY ENOUGH--
--THE BAD GUY WINS!
THUNK
OUTSIDE THE THEATRE...
START AN APARTMENT-BY-APARTMENT SEARCH. BULLS IS PROBABLY HOLED UP IN THE AREA.
DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH HIM, MEN. HE'S A KILLER, AND HE'S CRAZY.
MY SUPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS CAN READ THE PRESCRIPTION ON THIS BOTTLE..." TAKE TWELVE TIMES DAILY"...
:WHEW!: THE LOZENGES ARE MEDICATED--HEAVILY! THAT GUY MUST HAVE A SERIOUS THROAT CONDITION.
HMMM...BULLSEYE SMOKES CIGARETTES, AND HE'S HIDING WITH SOMEONE WHO HAS A BAD THROAT...A CONDITION THAT WOULD GET WORSE WITHOUT THE LOZENGES.
IT'S A SLIM LEAD, BUT IT'S ALL I HAVE.
...AND IT'S GONNA TAKE EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THIS LOONIE. WE GOTTA BE ALERT--STAY ON OUR TOES.
WHAT'S SO FUNNY, DELANY?
SHORTLY...
OKAY, DD, SO YOU'RE A HOTSHOT SUPER HERO. SO YOU CAN TOUCH, TASTE, SMELL, AND HEAR, BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE ON EARTH.
BUT CAN YOU DETECT A SINGLE COUGH IN THE OCEAN OF NOISE BELOW YOU?

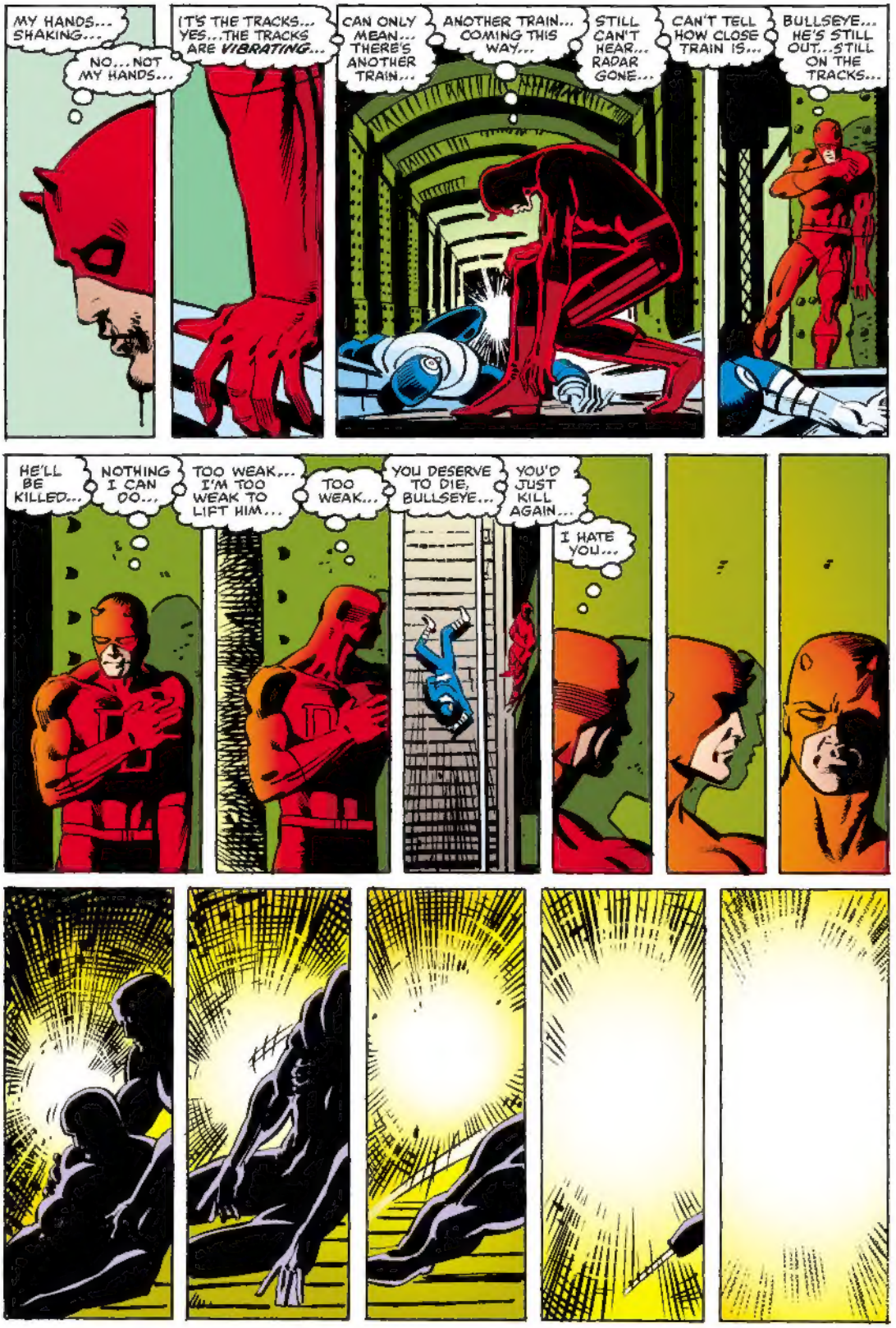
DAREDEVIL RELAXES, AND CLEARS HIS MIND OF THOUGHT.
A WAVE OF SOUND ROARS UP FROM THE STREET, STRONG AND CLEAR.
SCREECH!
HONK HONK
THUMP THUMP THUMP
HE SHUTS IT OUT.
HE CONCENTRATES SOFTER SOUNDS MURMUR TO HIM FROM A THOUSAND SEPARATE SOURCES.
BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS...
TICK TICK TICK TICK
BRINNGG!
HE SHUTS THEM OUT.
HE STRAINS. STILL SOFTER SOUNDS WHISPER FAINTLY.
HE SIFTS THROUGH THEM CAREFULLY, ISOLATING EACH.
PLINK PLINK PLINK PLINK PLINK
FLIP FLAP FLIP
FINALLY HE HEARS IT
KOFF KOFF
HE SMILES.


KOFF-KOFF!
I TOLD YOU TO QUIT THAT COUGHING, YOU LITTLE WORM!
H-HE CAN'T HELP IT. HE'S GOT A BAD--
SHUT UP! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! YOU'RE TRYING TO GIVE ME A...A...
OH NO.
EEEAAARRRGGGHHH
HE'S HELPLESS! THIS MAY BE OUR ONLY CHANCE...
THIS STATUE IS HEAVY. IT SHOULD CRUSH HIS SKULL.
BUT... IF IT DOESN'T, HE'LL ..
...HE'LL...
YOU HAD ME, DEVIL! YOU HAD ME COLD!
AND YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE KILLED ME...
YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY.
SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH, KILLING YOU TWO. PROBABLY WON'T EVEN WORK UP A SWEAT...
EH?
NO!
I WON'T LET YOU KILL AGAIN, BULLSEYE!
I WON'T!
KRASH


I'M NOT GIVING YOU A CH
URRGH!!
SKRAK
AHHGG!
WHUDD
N-NO...THIS ONE IS TOO STRONG...
HAVE TO GET AWAY!
LUCKY MY JAW WASN'T BROKEN BY THAT KICK. JUST NEED A SECOND, TO CLEAR MY HEAD.
OH, NO! HE'S HEADED FOR THE SUBWAY!
I'VE ALMOST NO CHANCE OF WINNING--OR EVEN SURVIVING--IN COMBAT DOWN THERE. THE TRAINS ARE NOISY...FAR TOO NOISY--
I'D BE A FOOL TO FOLLOW HIM.
YET, FOLLOW HE DOES...
...INTO A MAN-MADE PURGATORY THAT BRUTALIZES HIS HYPER-SENSES.
ITS STENCH RISES TO MEET HIM, ON AIR DISPLACED BY A SEVENTY-FOOT, STEEL-AND-GLASS MONSTER.
THE MONSTER CHARGES DEEP INTO THE EARTH, AND CHARGING, IT SCREAMS--
--A SINGLE, SHATTERING HORN-BLAST THAT HAMMERS SUPERSENSITIVE EARDRUMS INTO NUMBNESS.
BLIND, NOW DEAFENED--


--DAREDEVIL CAN ONLY TASTE A SICKENING MIXTURE OF BLOOD AND DIRT--
--AND FEEL HIS RIBS FLEX INWARD AS A BOOT SMASHES INTO HIS CHEST.
EVEN HIS RADAR SENSE FAILS HIM.
AS EVER, THE WAVES FLOW FROM HIS BRAIN, PROBING THE WORLD ABOUT HIM. BUT THE DESCRIPTIVE SIGNALS RETURN TO A BRAIN THAT IS STUNNED, CONFUSED...
HIS FOE ELUDES HIM.
DESPERATE NOW, DAREDEVIL SWINGS WILDLY, HOPING FATE WILL GUIDE HIS BLOW.
IT DOESN'T. FLESH AND BONE COLLIDE WITH UNYIELDING IRON AND THE IMPACT SHUDDERS UP HIS ARM--
--TO BE MET, BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES, BY A STILL MORE BRUTAL SHOCK.
THEN, HE IS AWARE OF HIS BODY ONLY IN PATCHES, EACH LIT BY A SIGNAL FLARE OF PAIN...
AT HIS BACK, LINKED VERTEBRAE STRETCH ACROSS A SHARPLY THRUST KNEE...
WHILE, AT HIS NECK, MUSCLE AND TENDON STRAIN AGAINST HANDS THAT TWIST HIS HEAD SLOWLY, INEXORABLY.
FROM THE GRINDING OF BONE AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL, HE KNOWS THAT HE IS NEAR DEATH.
N... NO...
NO...


AS LONG AS I CAN HOLD ON TO YOU...
I CAN FIND YOU, BULLSEYE...
FIND YOU... AND HIT YOU...
AGAIN...
AND AGAIN...
AND AGAIN...
I TOLD YOU ONCE, BULLSEYE... A LONG TIME AGO...
I NEVER GIVE UP...
THAT'S WHY... I'LL ALWAYS BEAT YOU...
HIS PULSE... SLOWING...
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS...
I DID IT...
I WON...


MY HANDS... SHAKING...
NO... NOT MY HANDS...
IT'S THE TRACKS... YES...THE TRACKS ARE VIBRATING...
CAN ONLY MEAN... THERE'S ANOTHER TRAIN...
ANOTHER TRAIN... COMING THIS WAY...
STILL CAN'T HEAR... RADAR GONE...
CAN'T TELL HOW CLOSE TRAIN IS...
BULLSEYE... HE'S STILL OUT...STILL ON THE TRACKS...
HE'LL BE KILLED...
NOTHING I CAN DO...
TOO WEAK... I'M TOO WEAK TO LIFT HIM...
TOO WEAK...
YOU DESERVE TO DIE, BULLSEYE...
YOU'D JUST KILL AGAIN...
I HATE YOU...

DAWN.
WHY'D YOU DO IT, DAREDEVIL?
YOU SHOULD HAVE LET HIM DIE!
STOP YELLING, MANOLIS. I HAVE AN EAR ACHE.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NOW? DO YOU?
IF THAT OPERATION DOWN THERE IS SUCCESSFUL, BULLSEYE WILL LIVE--AND HE'LL HIRE HIMSELF SOME SLICK, HIGH-PRICED LAWYER--
--WHO'LL CONVINCE SOME PANTY-WAIST JUDGE THAT THE TUMOR WAS WHAT MADE BULLSEYE A KILLER IN THE FIRST PLACE.
AND SINCE WE DON'T IMPRISON LOONIES ONCE THEY'RE CURED, BULLSEYE WILL GO FREE!
PERHAPS THE TUMOR WAS RESPONSIBLE.
YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT.
NO.
NICK, MEN LIKE BULLSEYE WOULD RULE THE WORLD--
--WERE IT NOT FOR A STRUCTURE OF LAWS THAT SOCIETY HAS CREATED TO KEEP SUCH MEN IN CHECK.
THE MOMENT ONE MAN TAKES ANOTHER MAN'S LIFE IN HIS OWN HANDS, HE IS REJECTING THE LAW--AND WORKING TO DESTROY THAT STRUCTURE.
IF BULLSEYE IS A MENACE TO SOCIETY, IT IS SOCIETY THAT MUST MAKE HIM PAY THE PRICE. NOT YOU. AND NOT ME.
I--I WANTED HIM TO DIE, NICK. I DETEST WHAT HE DOES... WHAT HE IS.
BUT I'M NOT GOD--I'M NOT THE LAW--
--AND I'M NOT A MURDERER.
HE'S GONNA GO FREE. HE'S GONNA KILL AGAIN.
AND NEXT TIME IT'LL BE YOUR FAULT.
DAREDEVIL DOES NOT ANSWER. HE TURNS AND SLOWLY WALKS OFF, PRAYING THAT TONIGHT HE HAS DONE THE RIGHT THING...
...AS FROM BEHIND HIM, HE HEARS THE SURGEON'S VOICE:
SKRIKK
GENTLEMEN, THE OPERATION IS A SUCCESS.
THE PATIENT WILL LIVE.
END.